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Northern Messenger

Rates Inside | MONTREAL, MARCH 8, 1940. | 77th Year.

British Youth Trained for Farming

BRITAIN is putting her neglected acres under the plough again. This back to the land movement has been accelerated by the war, but it actually began eighteen months before hostilities.

Children of the agricultural counties are being taught farming, poultry keeping, and rural woodwork as part of their regular school curriculum.

These are the children who will grow up to be farmers and farmers' wives, to work on the land and in the dairies.

In the past Britain has taken her farmers from any who might have, more or less casually, decided to "go on the land." In the future she will be able to draw her workers from already skilled boys and girls, who, from the age of eleven, have been taught scientific, and up-to-date agriculture.

Boys and girls who will turn to the land because they know their subject well, appreciate the possibilities and have a deep rooted interest in their work.

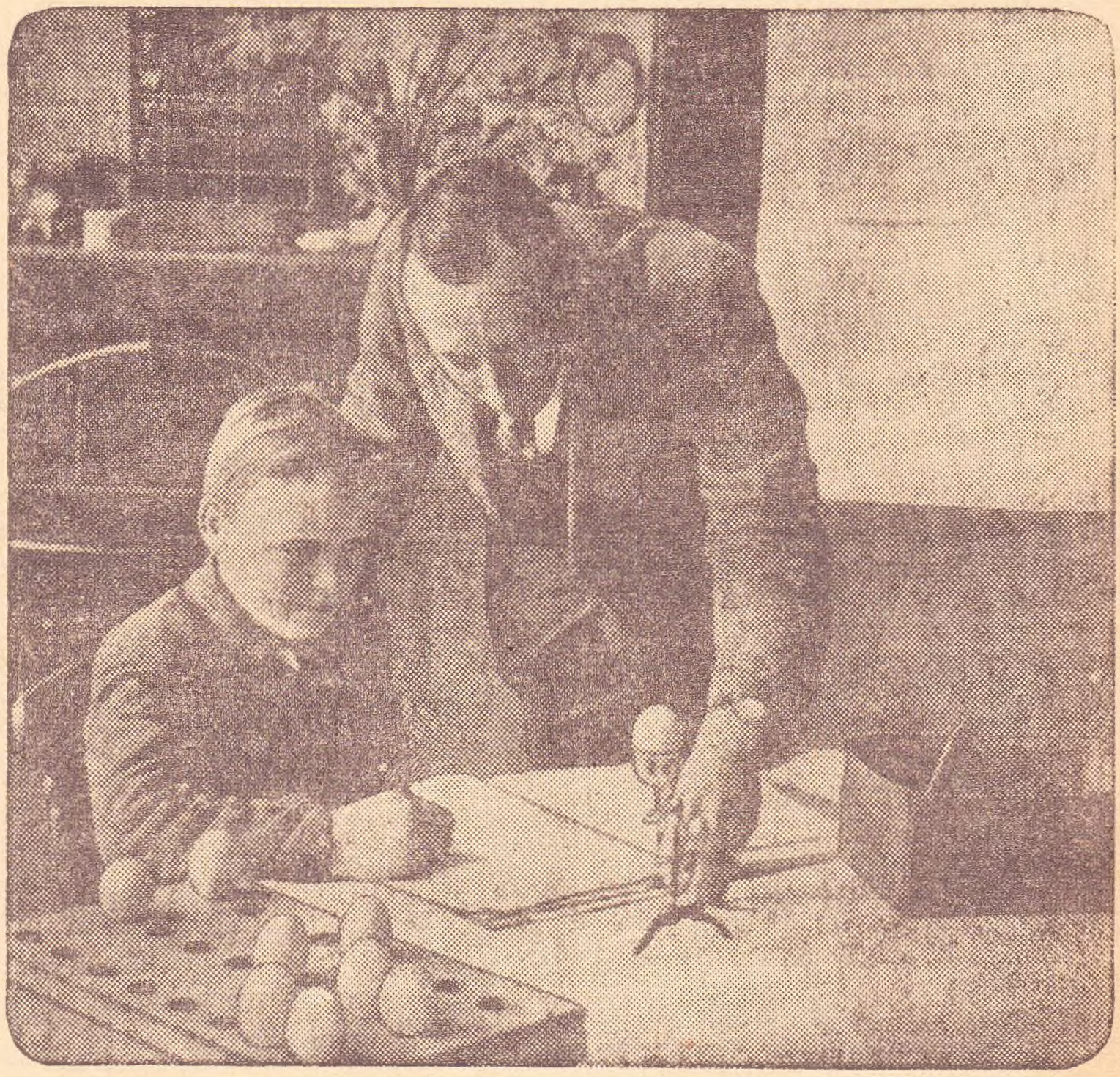
* * *

COME to one of the foremost counties which are carrying out this work—have been carrying it out for the past eighteen months. Come to Dorset, where most of the county is used for agriculture.

Throughout the schools of Dorset boys and girls of eleven and upwards are being taught to be farmers. They are receiving practical experience with the plough, in milking, butter making, poultry keeping and in apiary.

Fruit farming is also included, and the whole of the requirements of the schools in such things as chicken houses, beehives, churns, hay rakes and so forth is made by the children themselves in special rural woodwork

In order that the subjects shall be covered scientifically the schools are divided into groups. Some are responsible for the woodwork of all the others. Sherborne School, with its vast kitchen garden, is grafting fruit trees and growing fruit bushes which are later supplied to the fruit farms of the other schools.



LEARNING HOW TO GRADE EGGS.

AND to increase the interest of the subject, many of the schools run "Limited Companies" which issue sixpenny shares to scholars and friends, and which produce honey, eggs or some other marketable commodity on a small profit-sharing basis.

Everything is done by the scholars in all these "companies" so that they not only learn about the agricultural part of their subject but also how to apply mathematics to it, to keep accounts and to run a properly constructed business.

The commercial aspect of farming is carefully instructed and with it automatically come such subjects as geography, geology, a certain amount of modern history, economics and, of course, English.

So the normal school subjects are amplified rather than restricted, even though the agricultural tuition is carried out in normal school hours.

Regularly during each week the scholars of the various schools have their agricultural lessons. They go to neighboring farms where they are taught to milk and make butter, to plough, to trim hedges and keep ditches clear. An up-to-date pig farm is used to teach modern bacon farming and

(Please turn to Page 16.)

Winter Mail Mystery

BY

Raymond Thompson

(For the Messenger.)

LAST WEEK'S INSTALMENT

MARJORIE WAYNE is forced to give up art school in Toronto because her brother NORMAN has lost the job as mail-carrier which had paid for her course. She dislikes her father's trading post and the Indian customers but, with her brother, has to make the best of it. We return to the story as brother and sister are fighting their way homewards through a fierce, northern blizzard.

AFTER a desperate fight the two reached the post to discover their parents anxiously awaiting them. And then they settled down to a long wait for the weather to moderate. No use to attempt breaking sled trails with howling blasts ready to fill them in as fast as they were made.

Days passed and no sign of a change. The fine snow swirled around the Post buildings in blinding clouds. Life within became a monotonous existence to the vivacious girl who longed for the company of her ex-schoolmates.

She tried to interest herself in helping Norman lace the webbing in snowshoes. She spent hour after hour trying to cultivate the friendship of Kiskio, the big trail dog belonging to Johnny Littleriver. But the dog, while apparently harboring none of his original animosity toward her, seemed indifferent to her advances.

"That fellow is sure a one-man dog," chuckled Norman one day, watching. Marjorie shrugged her shoulders. "It's just a game with me," she intimated. "I really don't care for these big huskies, anyway. They're too solemn!"

* * *

ON the tenth day of the storm period, Marjorie felt she could scream at the world in general. And then, quite by accident, she knocked a big fat envelope off the sitting-room table onto the floor. It was the group of lessons in commercial art, belonging to Louise Littleriver.

Several hours later, when Norman went to look for her, she was working like a beaver. Sheets of paper were scattered all over two tables.

"Look," she cried. "Louise *is* good. See this layout! She was evidently sending in some advertising sketches in a big contest being conducted by an advertising agency in Toronto. Her ideas are really clever, too. See, I've been enlarging on some of them!"

Norman Wayne whistled as he glanced at some of the sketches, mostly costume layouts depicting the manner in which the modern college girl should dress. "I'll say they're good, Sis!"

Marjorie was tapping with her pencil. "And," she mused, "to think I have been so shabby to Louise. That poor child has been eating her heart away, dreaming of a world she had only read about in books. I—I'm ashamed of myslef. I'm going to finish these drawings up for her and we'll take them over to the lake as soon as the weather will permit. Some of those cash prizes are really worth while. And I guess Louise could use the money."

Then, an unexpected call came through for Norman's services at a trading post some fifty miles north. A trapper coming through on snowshoes brought the word. It was not until her brother was gone that Marjorie remembered the completed drawings. She decided to take Kiskio and make the trip to the lake post alone.

After much arguing, her parents consented, knowing the trails had been broken except for a comparatively short distance south of Swan River. Her father, still too poorly to attempt the trip himself, agreed to send a native messenger after her within a few hours following her departure.

"I'll probably meet him within a mile of the Post, on my way back," laughingly protested the girl, referring to the guide her father intended to despatch on her trail.

But before she had gone two miles from Swan River Post, Marjorie was sorry she had not waited for the native guide. So sure of her ability to follow the trail that served as a short-cut betwen her home and the main route to the lake, she had neglected to take stock of her bearings.

The weather was unusually mild and the snow much too wet for good snowshoeing. She discovered the old trail to be competely blown over and all at once, out in the midst of a wide tamarack swamp, found she was plunging through the crust at every step, with no sign of a firmly packed "trough" underneath.

* * *

SHE was off the trail! Feverishly mopping the perspiration from her brow with one mittened hand, Marjorie lookbehind her. Kiskio, though following obediently, was a good ten yards in the rear, as though reluctant to follow such a poor guide.

"You poor old fellow," laughed Marjorie, half hysterically, "here you're packing the outbound mail from Swan River around in circles, thanks to me!"

Then, thinking to straighten herself out, she tied the dog to a small tree. "I'm going to make a circle through the woods here and locate that trail, old fellow. No use of your chasing me around until I do, etiher!"

Lining up certain objects such as unusually tall trees and odd-looking hummocks of snow, the girl made a trail across a section of the swamp. But at no time did she come across familiar axe blazes, or experience the "feel" of a hard trail under her feet.

Exasperated, she took a new route, with the same result. After three tries she decided to return to where she had left the dog. Striking her old snowshoe trail she travelled for some distance.

"Funny," she gasped, a cold, clammy feeling coming over her, "I'd have bet most anything that I left Kiskio right here." She stood looking at a certain spot where she had certainly been a short time previously. But, on close examination, she discovered not a single dog track.

It was then that a wild panic seized Marjorie. Lost! And right in the middle of a big frozen swamp. It was cloudy and threatened to rain, yet she shivered.

Looking at her watch she could scarcely believe that time had passed so swiftly. It would soon be dark. She tried to decide on which one of her trails to follow.

The distant cry of a fox brought her sharply back to her senses. What would Norman do in like circumstances? The answer was too obvious.

Calmer now, she gathered wood and built a fire. It was dark when she heard someone call her name and a little later she meekly followed two native guides through the swamp, back toward Swan River.

They had almost reached their destination when the first flakes of new snow fell. "Heap big white blanket by morning," her guides agreed.

"How will you find Kiskio?" she asked fearfully, remembering the big solemn husky she had left tied to a tree.

"Huh!" grunted one of the natives, "Kiskio him all right. We find!"

Tired and dispirited, Marjorie said no more, and a few minutes later they saw the lights of Swan River Post.

But from that day forward a great change was manifest in Marjorie Wayne. She became more cheerful each day, it seemed. She was forever drawing pictures of the natives who came to trade at Swan River and was kindness itself when it was a child or a shy old squaw sitting before her.

She learned to draw most excellent likenesses of the native dogs. And, from her memory she sketched the figure of Kiskio, the lost husky. For,

(Please turn to Page 4.)

The Player From Elmdale

by GORDON PHILIP ENGLAND

READERS HAVE MET

GEORGE WARREN "the player from Elmdale" now champion goalie of the Silver Lake "Beavers", **TOM EVANS**, captain of the "Beavers", **ALEX CATTLEY**, and **HIRAM WOODARD**, players on the team.

DORIS CARTER, attractive Elmdale girl, and **DICK**, her brother, friends of George.

ROSE WHITE, lively independent sixteen-year-old who resents George's good advice and insists on seeing "the **PARKMAN GIRLS**"—and following their not-so-good leadership

Then comes the match between Elmdale and Silver Lake, and George does not turn up on the team. Slim, one of the players, asks Doris where he is, but she does not know.

When George does arrive, late, he can give no explanation and is dismissed from the hockey squad in disgrace. Doris remains a loyal friend, but Tom will have nothing more to do with his former pal. George, left out of all the fun, starts home from skating alone in a storm. Tom fears for his safety and follows him. Stopping at Rose White's, he hears from her the real story of what had delayed George that other fateful night.

TOM had listened in shocked silence to all that Rose told him; now he spoke:

"So that was it. Then—George wasn't to blame, after all. I should have known that—only things did look black against him."

"Yes," wailed Rose, "and now he's out there in that dreadful storm. He may even die. Oh Tom, what can we do? We must go after him."

Tom moved towards the door.

"I can't wait," he said. "No, you'd better not come, Rose. You wake up your father and have him go across to Joe Brown's—I guess that's the nearest telephone. He can call the hatchery, and if George hasn't shown up they had better organize a search party. Meanwhile I'll continue the hunt, myself."

But Seth White did not need to be awakened. In a sleepy voice he called:

"Who's that talking? Is someone with you, Rose?"

Before Rose could reply, Tom called back:

"It's Tom Evans, Mr. White. I came to see if George Warren was here. I'm afraid he's lost on the lake."

"You don't say!" ejaculated Seth. "I'll be right down."

Tom turned back to Rose.

"I can't wait," he repeated. "I must try to find George at once. . . . And listen," his voice dropped to a whisper, "best not tell your father everything just yet. Later, when you've proved you can keep that promise, you can talk it over with him, if you think best. As for the boys on the team, well, they'll have to know, I guess, but I don't think they'll be hard on you. Not if Granite Wall turns up all right. If he doesn't——"

Tom cut off that unfinished sentence abruptly. He moved towards the door.

"Wait!" exclaimed Rose. "I'll give you Father's spotlight. It may help if the storm lets up."

She got the flashlight from a cupboard. It was a five-cell battery light with a 200-foot beam. But, unless the storm slackened, it would not be of much use.

Back on the lake, Tom found skating difficult. Had the snow been hard packed, he could not have skated at all—but the skate blades cut through the soft snow. Soon, however, he would have to walk.

Presently, however, the wind dropped, and the snow fell less rapidly. But, by then, skating was impossible.

Tom flashed his light around, hoping to pick up a moving figure—but saw none. He shouted loudly—but heard no reply.

He now began to get his bearings better, however. He was well towards the middle of the lake—about halfway to the hatchery.

It was then that he remembered the island.

Odd, that he hadn't thought of it before. But, when under stress of excitement, one sometimes fails to notice the usually obvious things. Now, however, a vision of the little camp flashed before Tom's mental view. If George had realized his danger, he might have headed for the island to seek refuge there.

And, if George had reached the camp, all might yet be well. With a small box-stove and a supply of fuel there, he should be able to keep fairly warm and comfortable.

Yes—but had he gone to the island?

If he had not and had tried to force his way through the blizzard to the hatchery, he might have become lost and wandered farther and farther away from home—perhaps far over on the other side of the lake where there were no shelters.

At that chilling thought, Tom shuddered again. He pushed on towards the island. The foot injured in the Elmdale match was beginning to pain, but he did not allow it to halt him. He must find his chum.

Had it not been for Seth White's spotlight, so thoughtfully provided by Rose, he could scarcely have located that tiny oasis in a desert of snow-covered ice. But, at length, the flashlight beam caught and held it.

As Tom approached the little cabin, his heart sank. No smoke was coming from the stovepipe chimney through the roof. The camp looked deserted.

"I guess he's not there," thought Tom miserably. He made his way to the door. Wind-blown snow had formed a drift against it. The door opened outwardly. Tom kicked aside some of the snow and pulled it open.

As the light rays fell upon what lay inside, he uttered a startled cry.

For there, on the floor, was George. He was apparently unconscious.

A glance showed what had happened. In the darkness, George had caught the point of a skate against the threshold, and he had pitched forward violently. There was a large bruise on his forehead.

The wind had blown the door shut after he had fallen.

Anxiously, Tom dropped on his knees besdie the prostrate body of his chum. He put a hand over his heart, and exclaimed his relief. Granite Wall still lived!

Tom felt in his pockets for matches. He found only two. And there were none in the camp, for he had used up the last box earlier in the season. He had meant to bring a fresh supply before now, but had not done so.

Tom searched George's own pockets but found no more matches. He must make the two count. Those were his only hope.

Bending, he put his arms around George and half-carried, half-dragged him over to a bunk at the end of the camp. He managed to raise him upon it. Then stripping off his leather windbreaker, he tucked it around the unconscious boy, and set at work to get a fire going.

Some paper and a few shavings were in a corner of a woodbox partly filled with sawn-up pieces of driftwood. Hastily, Tom collected materials and prepared his fire, then struck a match. But, in his eagerness, he struck too hard. The matchhead broke off and flew across the camp.

The other match flickered and went out before the paper could catch. Desperately, Tom hunted until he found the broken match. He scarcely dared to breathe as he lit it. With great care he applied the flame to the paper.

Hurrah! It caught. The flames spread—ate greedily into the shavings. Soon, a brisk fire was roaring up the pipe. Soon, too, the camp grew warmer.

Tom chafed his friend's hands. He worked over him for several minutes without success, then George's eyelids

Let Us Smile

The thing that goes the farthest toward making life worth while,
That costs the least and does the most, is just a pleasant smile;
The smile that bubbles from a heart that loves its fellowmen
Will drive away the cloud of gloom and coax the sun again;
It's full of worth and goodness, too, with manly kindness blent—
It's worth a million dollars, and doesn't cost a cent.

There is no room for sadness when we see a cheery smile;
It always has the same good look—it's never out of style—
It nerves us on to try again when failure makes us blue;
The dimples of encouragement are good for me and you;
It pays a higher interest for it is merely lent—
It's worth a million dollars, and doesn't cost a cent.

A smile comes very easy—you can wrinkle up with cheer
A hundred times before you can squeeze out a soggy tear;
It ripples out, moreover, to the heartstrings that will tug,
And always leaves an echo that is very like a hug.
So, smile away. Folks understand what by a smile is meant,
It's worth a million dollars, and doesn't cost a cent. —*Selected.*

WINTER MAIL

(Continued from Page 2.)

despite the most careful searching, the natives could discover no trace of the big animal, out in the swamp where Marjorie had tied him. The heavy snows had completely obliterated her trail.

But one day the snows left. Norman was again carrying mail, under a subcontract with a new trader. On a certain spring morning he arrived at Swan River and handed a long slim envelope to his sister.

Marjorie saw that it was from an eastern advertising agency and on opening it discovered a cheque for one hundred dollars, with this notation: "Your joint entry with Louise Littleriver has been awarded a two hundred dollar prize. We are accordingly sending on two separate cheques, with our cordial thanks for your contribution. We are also enclosing some rough drafts for sketches and if you and Miss Littleriver care to submit some samples, I believe we can furnish you with a fair amount of work from time to time."

The excited girl fairly danced with joy. "Isn't it great, Norman! Can't you see what happened?"

At his puzzled look, she continued, "Kiskio must have broken loose. He went on back to Johnny and Louise. They probably figured I sent him and when Louise saw the drawings she—why, bless her heart—she sent them on as a joint contribution to that advertising agency. I——where's my hat and coat?"

"Where are you going?" demanded Norman suspiciously.

"To find Louise."

"Oh, no you don't—that is, not alone. I'm afraid you might get lost for keeps," chuckled her brother, grabbing his own deerskin smock.

A Cheerful Ten Cents

I PUT ten cents in my pocket to pay the baker for a loaf of bread for the day before when I left the apartment to give Bunty, the little deaf Boston bull his morning walk.

I went along the street expecting to meet the driver, but he had gone into a house and I got tired of waiting for him to come out. Some chocolate bars in a window tempted, but I went on and turned a corner. A little old lady was coming down the steps of a house with a basket of scarlet bittersweet berries on her arm. Her face was sad and her hands were red with cold through her ragged gloves.

When I smiled at her she said wistfully, "I haven't sold a single bunch this morning and they're only ten cents!"

"But I must have one," I said. A woman came out of a house opposite and looked over undecidedly.

"The bittersweet is lovely!" I called and she came across and bought two bunches. Hope shone in the little old lady's face as she said "Thank you!"

I hurried on, glad that I hadn't seen the baker, glad that I'd met the little old lady and the ten cents had gone where it was most needed!—A. C.

THE PLAYER FROM ELMDALE

(Continued from Page 3.)

fluttered and he stirred. Before long he came to himself.

He stared wonderingly at Tom, then a glad light shone in his eyes.

"Tom?" he whispered. "What, *you* came to look for me? I can't believe it."

"Sure I came," answered Tom gruffly. "What do you take me for? And say, listen, I found out a lot of things tonight. When I stopped in at Whites' to see if you were there, Rose told me everything."

George's eyes were appealing.

"Then, I hope you don't altogether blame me now," he said.

". . . You know, Tom, Rose is only a kid—and a half-orphaned one at that. I figured that if I didn't help her, she might get her name down and be ruined. And if Seth had found her there at Parkman's, there's no telling what might not have happened. And there's nothing really bad about Rose; she's just a bit weak, that's all. I guess she'll always remember this lesson. Anyhow, it seemed the only thing to do."

Tom nodded understandingly.

"I don't blame you at all, Granite Wall," he replied. "Under such circumstances, any fellow on the team would likely have done the same. We all like Rose and would want to help her.

"And," finished the team manager, eagerly, "that's not all. We're still tied with Elmdale, and if you'll forgive us and come back on the squad, we'll be champions yet!"

Half an hour later, from outside the camp, sounded loud shouts. As they recognized some of the voices, the chums smiled at each other happily. For the team had turned out to search for them.

When he heard what had happened, Alex's reaction was characteristic.

"That's twice I've been wrong about you, Granite Wall," he said. "Say, if you want to kick me, go ahead. And kick hard!"

(To Be Continued.)

SLIM ANKLES

Some of you are dying to slim your ankles, though the rest of your legs are "doing fine." Here is a special exercise. A telephone directory is the ideal assistant. Place this on the floor with the bound edges farthest from you, and put your toes and tips of the ball of your feet on the edge of the book. Raise your feet off the ground and lower them again slowly, ten times. Now try to slide all round the edge of the book without once letting your heels touch the ground.

It sounds idiotic, of course, as most exercises do when they are written down, but it does the job and that is what you want.

Have a weekly pedicure, treating your toe nails to the same care that you give your finger tips. You'll find that the response is most encouraging.

And if you are troubled with feet that always seem "hot" use a good deodorant talcum powder.—Sel.

Poor Man's Fortune

By ARTHUR T. RICH

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READERS HAVE MET

DONALD FAIRBAIRN, handsome young Canadian, inheritor of a Poor Man's Fortune from his father, JOHN FAIRBAIRN, whose dying wish is that Donald return to Glasgow, Scotland and make good where his father failed.

ROBERT FAIRBAIRN, Donald's uncle, respected, wealthy Glasgow ship-builder, who is not at all anxious to help his young nephew.

JEAN FAIRBAIRN, Robert's step-daughter. She invites Donald to lunch and tells him of a scheme of hers which may change his whole life.

ARNOLD M'NAIR, tall, handsome, earnest young minister, whose aid Jean's father enlists in winning her back to the church, secretly hoping to make a match between them. Jean asks Arnold to visit her "shelter" for the unemployed, of which Donald is warden.

JOCK CAMPBELL, fiery young Communist has been giving Donald some trouble. Then Donald rescues him from gangsters and saves him from going to jail. Then Jock repays this kindness by warning Jean and Donald that Robert Fairbairn has turned the rougher-class men against them. A riot is started and the "Shelter" is destroyed by fire, Donald and Jean barely escaping. Donald, now out of work, tries hard to get a worthwhile job. Meeting with continued failure he gets completely discouraged. Jean enlists the aid of Arnold M'Nair. He, in helping her, gives her a new vision of life and Christianity. Meanwhile, Donald has ended up in the Hospital and the kind-hearted Matron there is trying to help him.

"SIT down," said the matron. "I'm not going to beat about the bush. You're not happy. And you don't know what you're going to do with yourself when you leave here. Unless I'm very much mistaken you're like the Prodigal Son in the Bible—you're in a far country and though you've not wasted your substance in riotous living you're beginning to be in want——"

It was then that Donald was frightened—mostly because he knew she had spoken the truth.

* * *

NEVER had a minister of religion a greater struggle than that which raged within Arnold M'Nair after the night on which Jean told him the secret of Donald Fairbairn's life.

He wanted to serve Jean. He knew it was his duty to attempt to find Donald. But he was painfully aware of that fact that once Donald was found and established it would be farewell to all his hopes so far as Jean was concerned.

features. He was about to turn away to something more helpful when his eye encountered the story of the ships that were broken in the harbour where they were made.

Jehoshaphat had built them in Ezion Gebar. They were destined to go to Tarshish for gold unimagined. Alas! they had never left their moorings. They had been wrecked in the shipyard.

Feeling that here was a topic to interest his congregation of shipbuilders, that there was something here for Sunday, his homiletically trained mind got to work. Then it came over him all of a flash. Before he knew where he was he was on his knees asking for strength to do his duty.

"Of course. It is plain enough," he told himself. "There are some ships that never sail, yet God brings home His treasure just the same. The treasure is the important thing—not the ship. If the vessel goes down in the attempt what matter? Some other ship will carry home the gold. And if the ships of Ezion Gebar never sailed, the 'Queen Mary' has—God's servants learn by the failures of the past."

* * *

IT had come home to him. In years to come, maybe, he would thank God that this particular ship of his had not sailed. Strange the power of an old-world story. He became concerned about the treasure—the soul of Donald Fairbairn. Little matter that in finding him Arnold would lose his own personal happiness.

So he began a period of intensive enquiry, and as Glasgow is not too large a city for work of this nature, it was not long before he had traced Donald to the Infirmary and had come into contact with the Matron.

This accounted for the talk that evening when she had called Donald down to her room. Arnold had explained he wished to keep out of this. "If he thinks a parson is on his track that'll be the end of it. But if a woman friend could speak to him for the good of his soul—"

The Matron was just the type of woman to deal with a case of this kind. Long years of experience had given her deep understanding of human nature, and her insight was God-granted; ever since Gipsy Smith had visited Glasgow years before, she had carried with her a conversion experience whereby healing work was two-fold—body and soul—first the natural then the spiritual.

How she talked to Donald that night. She set before him the way of the Christian life as he had never seen it before. She did not preach. It was just the personal testimony of a good Scottish Christian woman, old enough to be his mother, who for years had been testing the truths of which she spoke.

"And I'm not far wrong," she concluded, "in believing that something's keeping you away from the Saviour—that you've allowed pride to separate you from those who wish you well." How well she knew. The minister had told her everything.

"I don't know how you see so clearly, Matron." He was trying to speak naturally. But he felt diffidence in the midst of a conversation on religion. "It's as if somebody had told you the whole story—" he looked at her keenly—"I suppose a lady hasn't been here?"

* * *

SHE smiled grimly. "No lady's been here, though I guess there's one in the story—there always is." Nevertheless, she knew all about Jean. The minister had told her. She knew, too, that Jean herself would have come had Arnold but spoken the word. She had, however, advised caution. Her point was that it would be better for Donald to go seeking Jean than Jean seeking him. She was old-fashioned enough to like things to be done decently and in order.

Armed with the knowledge she possessed, the Matron made a deep impression on Donald. She was so homely and kind that before long he had told her the whole story of his life. He was deeply moved in the telling of it. Emotion swept over him as he concluded, "But there, what can a poor man do when it's a girl in her position and one?—"

Then the Matron sprang upon him the surprise she had been saving.

She held up a small volume. "What's this?" she demanded.

"Why, it's—it's the Bible my father gave me—my legacy—where on earth did you get that?"

"It was handed in with your belongings by a man one night—he wouldn't give his name—for obvious reasons. You've never read this from the time your father gave it to you—have you?"

Donald replied shamefacedly that this was the case.

"I thought not. Poor Man's Fortune. you thought it—nothing of worth there. A pity you did not discover for yourself something of the treasure it contained. However, you've missed something else by not reading it. Look at this—"

Greatly wondering Donald took what she held out to him. It was an oblong piece of notepaper on which was written in his father's handwriting a last message to his son.

As he read it Donald changed col-

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Northern Messenger

WEEKLY

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NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS

Contributors of poems and articles who wish their material returned to them in case of rejection are asked to enclose a stamped and addressed envelope.

We cannot pay for Poems.

MARCH 8, 1940.

WORD FOR THE DAY

Sun. : Lord, Thou art my trust from my youth.—Ps. 71:5.

Mon. : While he was yet young he began to seek God.—2 Chron. 34:3.

Tue. : He that is greatest let him be as the younger.—Luke 22:26.

Wed. : Thy youth is renewed like the eagle's. —Ps. 103:5.

Thu. : Study to show thyself approved unto God.—2 Tim. 2:15.

Fri. : Flee also youthful lusts: but follow righteousness, faith, charity, peace. —2 Tim. 2:22.

Sat. : Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth.—Eccl. 11:9.

Thinking Youth

A youth thoughtless! when the career of all his days depends on the opportunity of a moment!

A youth thoughtless! when all the happiness of his home forever depends on the chances or the passions of an hour!

A youth thoughtless! when his every act is a foundation stone of future conduct, and every imagination a fountain of life or death!

Be thoughtless in any after years rather than now—though indeed there is only one place where a man may be nobly thoughtless—his deathbed. No thinking should ever be left to be done there.—Ruskin.

The Four Men

EVERYBODY knows the parable of the Three Johns, which owed its inception to Oliver Wendell Holmes, though it has been variously stated by subsequent writers. There is John as he thinks he is, John as his neighbours see him, and John as he really is.

But, with all deference to the genial American, and to his imitators, that should not be the end of the parable, There are four Johns, not three, and the fourth is the most important of all—John as he may become; the shadowy figure which the eye of God discerns.

Just as a sculptor, looking at a shapeless block of marble, sees in it a beautiful statue; just as a painter, looking at a blank canvas and a messy palette, sees a masterpiece of color; just as a farmer, looking at his bare fields in February, sees the golden glories of harvest: so God sees us not as we are but as we have it in us to be.—Christian World.

Youth and the Church

THE older generation in the churches should not think of attracting young people to the churches to perpetuate the old methods. They should think in terms of creating new types of leadership in young people, or permitting youth to create new types.—Calvary Evangel.

"Use thy youth so that thou mayest have comfort to remember it when it hath forsaken thee, and not sigh and grieve at the account thereof. Use it as the springtime which soon departeth and wherein thou oughtest to plant and sow all provisions for a long and happy life."—Sir Walter Raleigh.

Pursuit of Happiness

IS it not selfish to follow the pursuit of happiness? Should we not be so absorbed in the service of other people that the question of our own happiness would be a matter of indifference? . . . Your own happiness and that of your fellows is inextricably bound up together.

To be properly happy yourself is immediately to become a good advertisement for the Kingdom of God on earth.

When you have learned to "enjoy" God in Himself and in all His works you will have a well-filled treasury out of which you can joyously share your wealth with the world. It was because Henry Drummond was a happy soul (and not the reverse) that he could exclaim: "Happiness is not found in having nor in getting but only in giving."—John Gayner Banks in *Sharing*.

Life's Greatest Joy

Have you ever helped another,
Ever earned a grateful smile?
Ever asked a weary brother in
To ride with you a mile?
Have you ever given freely
Of your riches and your worth?
If you haven't then you've really
Missed the greatest joy on earth.

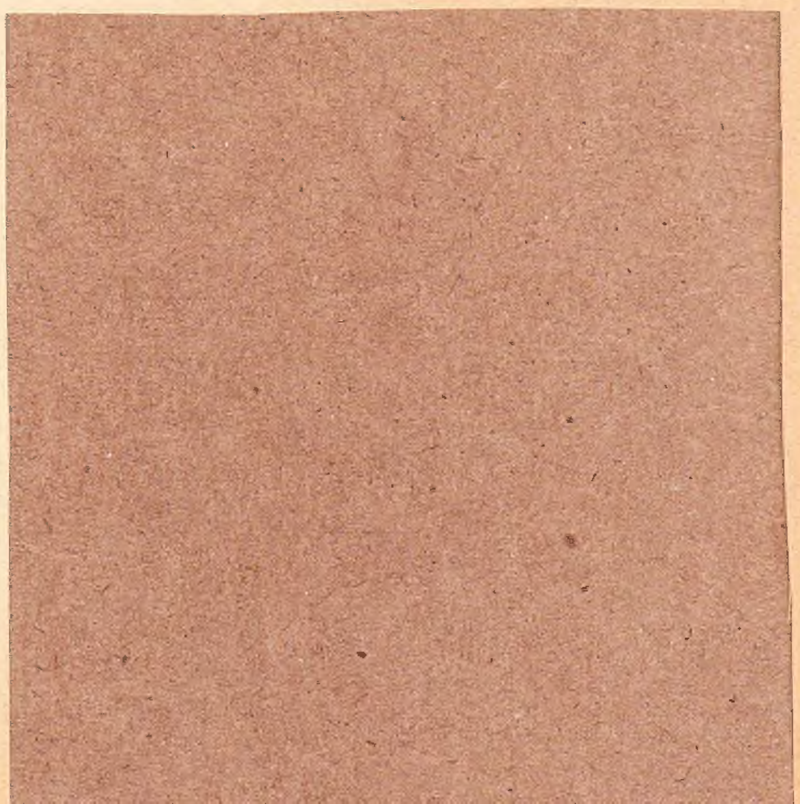
Has a thrill of joy possessed you?
Have you felt your pulses run
As a weaker brother blessed you
For some good that you have done?
Have you seen eyes start to glisten
That were sad before you came?
If you haven't, stop and listen,
You have missed life's finest game.

—The Little Messenger.

Youth and the Vote

THE privilege of complete freedom to vote as we wish, which we enjoy under a democracy, carries with it a special responsibility in time of war. To resort to policies of mere expediency or compromise is to be guilty of treason. Merely to focus on the mistakes of other individuals or parties is to miss our real opportunity. A numerical victory at the polls for one party or the other will not of itself meet the real need.

Public opinion is ready to follow the leadership of God-led men and women whose personal lives and public policies are based on the Christian principles of honesty, unselfishness and faith in God. Only leadership rooted in a moral and spiritual conviction can make Canada great. We need men who will be clear-headed in crises, who will subordinate personal ambition to the national welfare, and sacrifice differences of outlook or of interest to our national solidarity. Men who love Canada and will live to make her great. Theirs will be the true authority, for by them we catch a glimpse of the divine destiny of our nation, and the good of civilization which it strives to bring about.



Young People's Bible Reading

Calvary

by BEREAN

for Sunday
March 17, 1940.
Matthew 27: 33-50.

THE enemies of our Lord had been afraid to lay hands upon Him in the daytime. "But they knew how it would overawe His friends if, getting His trial over during the night, they could show Him in the morning, when the populace awoke, already a condemned criminal in the hands of the executors of the law. They had brought lanterns and torches with them, thinking they might find their victim crouching in some cave, or that they might have to pursue Him through the wood. But He came forth to meet them at the entrance to the garden, and they quailed like cravens before His majestic looks and withering words." (Stalker)

See especially in St. John's narrative how His words and presence awed the temple guard and the armed multitude.

Note also in St. John His carefulness for the distressed and panic-stricken disciples. "I have told you that I am he; if therefore ye seek me let these go their way."

Peter drew his sword and slashed at one of the foremost of the crowd. Jesus rebuked Peter and healed the man.—The last act of healing in His earthly life was performed for an enemy.

The disciples fled. The Prisoner was first led to the house of Annas who had been high priest and whom the Jews looked up to as the rightful holder of the office. From here He was brought to the house of Caiaphas son-in-law of Annas who had been appointed high priest by the Romans.

"Picture the scene. The palace of the high priest. Probably first the porch, with pillars and the porter's lodge. From this doors opened into a court, a long apartment open in the middle to the sky. Beyond this the judgement room where the trial took place. . . . In the court Peter and the servants warming themselves. It seems that when all had fled Peter and John, ashamed, had come back, but afar off. The doorkeeper knew John and had let them in. This is how we get the account of the trial." (Paterson Smyth.)

Jesus saith . . "Thou hast said: nevertheless . . . Hereafter (henceforth R.V.) shall ye see——" Our Lord identifies Himself with the Heavenly Son of Man. (Dan. 7:13; comp. Psa. 110:1) Note the "henceforth." His triumphant "coming". "parousia," "presence" begins immediately.

There is a green hill far away,
Outside a city wall,
Where our dear Lord was crucified
Who died to save us all.

We may not know, we cannot tell
What pains He had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

—*C. F. Alexander.*

* * *

O come and mourn with me awhile;
O come ye to the Saviour's side;
O come together, let us mourn;
Jesus our Lord is crucified.

O love of God, O sin of man,
In this dread hour your strength was tried,
And victory remains with love;
For Love Himself was crucified.

—*Rev. F. W. Faber.*

* * *

As we said last week we are treading on holy ground. Let us teachers prepare ourselves by prayer and meditation that we may enter into the solemn spirit of our message and so convey it to the children.

Let us read the story in all four Gospels that we may have as full a grasp of it as possible.

"He hath spoken blasphemy."—Nothing is more clear in the Gospels than the tremendous claims made by our Lord. He is Divine and it was on account of His divine claims that the Council declared Him "worthy of death."

Meanwhile poor Peter had made his big mistake in sitting with the enemies of his Lord. If we are in a condition of fear and bewilderment it is tragically easy to fall into temptation.

The Jewish judicial system had many regulations safeguarding the rights of a prisoner. These were almost entirely disregarded by the authorities in their hatred of Jesus. They had made up their minds that He was to die. The trial before Annas, before Caiaphas and before the Sanhedrin **was** but a mockery to attain their ends.

"This Just Man"

UNDER the Romans the Jews had not the power to put anyone to death. So they brought their Prisoner to Pilate the Governor with the political charge that Jesus had sought to make himself king. Pilate saw through their hypocrisy and after examination declared that he found no fault in Jesus.

As an upholder of Roman justice, Pilate should have immediately released the Prisoner. But the mob received his verdict with cries that Jesus should be crucified. Pilate in their shouts caught the word "Galilee" and thinking he had found a way to avoid responsibility, sent Jesus to Herod, tetrarch of Galilee, who happened to be in Jerusalem.

Herod with all his careless cruelty could find no fault in Jesus and sent Him back to Pilate.

About this time Pilate's wife sent word to him to "have nothing to do with that just man." This made Pilate the more anxious to release Him.

Meanwhile the mob were clamoring that Pilate after the usual custom for the Passover should release a prisoner to them. Again hoping that he had found a way out of the difficulty, Pilate offered to release "Jesus who is called Messiah."

In custody at the time was a half-brigand, half-rebel, named Barabbas.

The priests who a little while before had expressed much loyalty to the Roman power, now stirred up the rabble to shout "Not this man but Barabbas!"

Pilate hoped then that the blood-lust of the crowd might be satiated with something less than the death of the Prisoner, so he commanded that He be scourged.

Jesus had already been mocked and

(Please turn to Page 8.)

Memory Verse

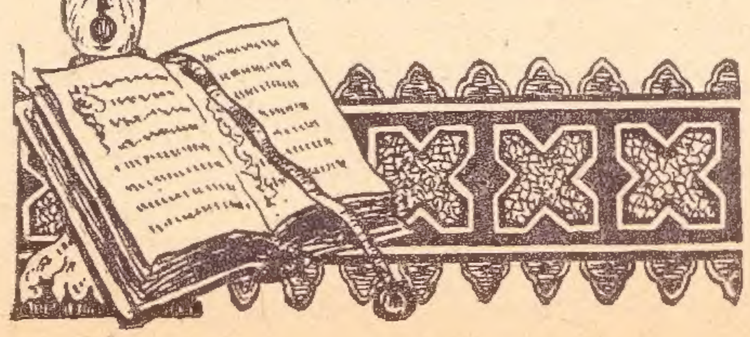
He was despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief.

—Isaiah 53:3.

DAILY BIBLE READING

From Mar. 11 to Mar. 17.

Mon.—Matthew 27: 33-44.
Tue.—Matthew 27: 45-56.
Wed.—Hebrews 12: 1-6.
Thu.—Psalm 22: 1-8.
Fri.—1 Peter 1: 13-20.
Sat.—Luke 14: 25-35.
Sun.—1 Cor. 1: 18-25.



Without Fear or Favor

AN Ottawa judge gets a word of commendation from a local paper which we think is well deserved. He had what he rightly described as the painful duty of sentencing a citizen of Ottawa for driving his car when drunk. He did sentence him.

He gave him a sentence that will stick in the minds of a lot of drivers. He sent him to jail for thirty days and took away his driving licence for two years. The man so roundly punished was a very well known citizen. He had been city controller, mayor and representative of Ottawa in the Ontario Legislature. Yet none of these things sufficed to "fix it."

The police did their duty, and the judge did his. And it is a safe assumption that there will be at least a certain decrease in the amount of driving while drunk in Ottawa in consequence. —Montreal Star.

Little Words

"Little words of kindness, whisperings of love!
God's own hand records them in the world above.
They whose words of pity dry the mourner's tears
Have the Saviour's blessing through their earthly years.

"Little words of kindness seem of little worth—
Yet we cannot buy them with the gold of earth.
Scatter them like sunbeams, showing forth His love;
And the Lord of heaven bless you from above." —*Sel.*

A man and woman who are above labor, and despise the laborer, show a want of common-sense, and forget that every article which is used is the production of more or less labor.—Judson.

Calvary

(Continued from Page 7.)

ill-treated by the officers and servants of the Sanhedrin, also by Herod's soldiers. Now the Governor's guard added their contribution of mockery and cruelty. Some authorities think that these were not regular Roman legionaries but a half-disciplined provincial force.

After the terrible scourging, Pilate brought Jesus out with the words, "Behold the Man!" He was greeted with another storm of shrieks, "Crucify him! Crucify him!"

Pilate, like many another ruler, was overborne by the mob. "He . . . washed his hands before the multitude, saying, I am innocent of the blood of this just man; see ye to it."

Jesus and two other prisoners were brought out, each bearing the transverse beam of his cross. Jesus, worn down by the ordeal of the night and His strength broken by the scourging fell under the load.

The soldiers impressed Simon of Cyrene to bear the Cross. Simon and his sons afterward became Christians.

"They Crucified Him"

"The crowd at the palace had been gradually swelling. As the fatal procession, headed by the Sanhedrists, passed on through the streets, it attracted great multitudes. It happened to be a Passover holiday, so there were thousands of idlers, prepared for any excitement." (Stalker)

Crucifixion was not primarily a Roman punishment. The Greeks had adopted it from the Phoenicians and the Romans in their degeneracy from the Greeks.

The spot where He suffered was outside the gates of the city. It was doubtless the common place of execution. It was called "Golgotha" (Latin "Calvary") probably because it was a skull-shaped hillock.

"The details of the Crucifixion are very awful, but the chief impression left on us is the grand, calm patience of our Lord." (Paterson Smyth)

He was offered wine mingled with myrrh. It was a narcotic provided by the charitable ladies of Jerusalem for the prisoners.

Jesus tasted it in acknowledgment of the kindness of the women who provided it, but would die with His faculties unimpaired.

Soldiers were kept on guard lest an attempt should be made to rescue the prisoners. "And sitting down, they watched him there." A hard indifference to the suffering of others was a characteristic of the world before the love of Christ had touched it.

The soldiers spent the time dividing his garments among them. (Psa. 22:18) They gambled for His seamless coat, perhaps woven for Him by His mother.

A white board with black letters placed on the Cross indicated the charge on which a criminal was condemned. That above Jesus read,

THIS IS JESUS, THE KING OF THE JEWS

It was Pilate's testimony to the regal character of Him whom he had given up to death.

Two robbers, probably members of Barabbas's band, were crucified with Him. As Mark says, "The Scripture was fulfilled which saith, And He was numbered with the transgressors." (Isa. 53:12)

Worse than the indifference of the soldiers was the sneering cruelty of his own people. (Compare Psa. 22) Even the dignified leaders of the nation mocked Him. "He saved others, himself he cannot save." Intended as bitter mockery, their saying was grandly true. His love for men ever kept Him from "saving" Himself.

The crucifixion lasted from about nine in the morning till three in the afternoon. It was most likely in the earlier hours that our Lord spoke those words of love, "Father forgive them for they know not what they do"; "Today shalt thou be with Me in Paradise"; "Woman, behold thy son.—Son, behold thy mother."

"From the sixth hour (noon) there was darkness over all the land unto the ninth hour."

Well might the sun in darkness hide
And shut his glories in
When Christ the mighty Maker died
For man the creature's sin.
(Isaac Watts)

"About the ninth hour—the time of the evening sacrifice—Jesus cried with a loud voice, saying Eli, Eli, lama, sabachthani." (Psa. 22:1)

As ever, He uttered His deepest feelings in the words of the Scriptures which He loved.

"The cry was not an expression of despair, but was prompted by present agony of mind and spirit and shows how real our Lord's sufferings were." (Box) The full meaning of that cry from the darkness we never shall know.

Some of His enemies mocking even then said, "He is calling for Elijah——"

"And Jesus said: I thirst.—And one . . . gave him to drink." "An act of kindness, by one of the soldiers probably. He dipped the sponge in the jar of sour wine brought for the soldiers' refreshment." (Box)

Jesus said: "It is finished" and then: "Father into thy hands I commend my spirit." The words of a Psalm (31:5) were the last upon His lips. "And He bowed His head and yielded up the spirit."

And the centurion and they that were with him said, "Truly this was the Son of God." Our Saviour from the Cross had begun His work of conquest, which shall never end till He has drawn "all men" unto Him. (John 12:32)

QUESTIONS

1. What do the words "Golgotha" and "Calvary" mean?
2. Why was the place given that name?
3. Who were crucified with our Lord?
4. Of what did this remind Mark?
5. What did the centurion and others say after the crucifixion?
6. "He is despised and rejected of men—". Complete the verse.
7. To what other words of Isaiah have we referred lately?
8. How does this read in our translation?

(For Answers, see Page 12.)

POOR MAN'S FORTUNE

(Continued from Page 5.)

our and looked at the Matron stupidly.

* * *

MEANWHILE ARNOLD M'NAIR was passing through his dark hour unseen.

There comes a time in every life when the soul becomes conscious of the inner meaning of the words with which it has long been familiar. All his life Arnold had used the words "sacrifice" and "consecration"; they had appeared in countless sermons; he knew their Greek and Hebrew equivalents and their principal parts. Now he was facing their utmost implications as never before.

His problem was an exceedingly old one, but new to him. He found himself part of the eternal triangle—two men and one woman. As he saw it, the triangle was not equilateral. Here he was with more culture and education than this Fairbairn fellow, more attractive by far—so he thought—yet the other was preferred before him. His love was spurned for a man who had not yet proved himself. It seemed grossly unfair and wrong—nothing was equal in this triangle from whichever angle you started.

The point was, should he give up all hopes of Jean and leave her to the fate of marrying this Fairbairn fellow? Or should he persist in his endeavors? The problem would have been much simpler had not his affection for the girl been so strong. His sense of manhood, too, was more developed than of old; a fight appealed to him as it has to all men in love from the beginning. It would be glorious contending for a prize, ousting a rival!

He had almost decided upon this course when there came a diversion. Arnold was informed that a visitor wished to see him. He went to the door himself. He saw on the threshold a tall, well-dressed man who asked politely if he might interview him about some particular business.

"You'll pardon me, Mr. M'Nair. It's a pointed question, I know. I do not mean to be rude, however. But has it ever struck you that it is possible for a minister, even though he has received a call, to be in the wrong place, doing the wrong work?"

"Why—"stammered Arnold, blushing, "I—"

"Perhaps I'd better explain. I can see I'm confusing you." He had taken the chair the minister had indicated upon his entrance and he now sat with crossed legs, smiling easily. He was a man with a strong countenance; there was nothing piously sentimental about that smile.

HE continued before Arnold had time to say anything further. "We've been hearing great reports of you during the last six months. I am informed that a new experience has gripped you—that a compelling note has entered your preaching of late—that you've been quite outspoken concerning the full implications of the Gospel and—"

Arnold interrupted quietly. "I hope you've not been receiving exaggerated reports." He felt embarrassd. "It is true that I have faced up in my own life to a new challenge, that I am conscious of a new conviction in all my pulpit work—but—"

"I know." The other made a movement of his hand. "A new modesty also. Humility is always the characteristic of an apostle. Brawling in church is a crime, yet there are ministers who imagine that it is one with fervour. You have been quieter and more convincing of late—the words rise now from the deep places of quietness instead of descending from a well-stocked brain only—isn't that right?"

"Well, if you put it that way—"

"I do. That is why I have been led to call to-day. You remember that some time ago an experiment was made in this City to do something for the unemployed and the down-and-outs—it ended in a fire and a Court case, I believe."

"It certainly did." Arnold was not likely to forget those circumstances.

The visitor explained his business more fully. There was a church in that neighbourhood—"it is called a down-town problem," he explained—round about which the teeming thousands lived in miserable abject poverty. It was difficult to find a suitable minister for several reasons. One was that the attendances were woefully small. Another was that the stipend was low. A third was that the manse was not set in the suburbs, but in the very heart of the squalor itself.

* * *

"YOU see the difficulty," the visitor explained. "It is difficult to ask a married man with a family to come and live in such a neighbourhood—no woman could be expected to bring up her children in such surroundings. In a church with a celibate ministry the problem would not arise—the Roman Catholic priest has lived there for years in one room. But our problem is to find an unmarried minister who will love the poor of the world sufficiently to place behind him all thought of personal ambition—who will sacrifice stipend, love itself if need be, to shepherd these wandering sheep. We have heard you say in the pulpit that when His call comes no sacrifice should be too great to make obedience possible. If the poor are to have the Gospel preached unto them in this age, the Church and her ministers—the ministers particularly—have got to play the part of ministering angels, and so—"

Arnold M'Nair looked at the earnest face of his visitor. He knew that, in that moment, along the Highway of Life he had met a challenge — a challenge as imperative as any Saul of Tarsus ever met along the Damascus Road.

"This will take some thinking about," he said slowly.

* * *

ROBERT FAIRBAIRN after the terrifying experiences of the night of disaster was facing new problems too.

To say he was terror-stricken is to state the fact mildly. In those dark days he felt he was staring ruin in the face.

Really, he was not. He had ample reserves. Admittedly the present loss ran into many thousands of pounds, but to that mind, a prey to all dark fears, it seemed that things were tottering to doom.

He was not aware how far he had committed himself to his daughter in the ravings of delirium; she had not told him. Yet memories of things half-forgotten, fragments of suppressed knowledge, would, despite his determination to check them, persist in drifting to the surface of consciousness.

One thing was clear. He would not know a minute's peace of mind until his nephew was well out of the country.

In his schemes to this end he thought of his minister. Arnold had been to visit him several times during his illness.

Fairbairn thought, "M'Nair will serve my purpose well—a double purpose. I know he's in love with Jean—and he'll be the man to help me to get rid of his rival out of the way." He gloated over this thought.

He broached the matter to Arnold when the minister next called. He found his point of contact in the look upon his daughter's face when she announced Arnold.

Fairbairn assumed his best chaffing, bantering manner. "I declare, minister, you make my girl blush whenever you come into the place. Been progressing, eh?—making hay while the sun shines, with Father laid aside, eh?"

(To Be Continued.)

Blowing His Own Horn

An officer of a regiment complained at a party that because of the ignorance and inattention of his subordinates he was obliged to do the whole duty of the regiment. Said he: "I am my own captain, my own lieutenant, my own sergeant and——"

"Your own trumpeter," said a bored lady.

DEAR CHUMS,—

The Editors of the Messenger have been doing some thinking for you and their splendid plan for giving you entertainment and a chance to win a prize is well under way.

What could a young person enjoy more than to have the NORTHERN MESSENGER coming every week? *BUT* subscriptions cost money. And here's where we give you the opportunity to earn a subscription for yourself or your friend who isn't yet getting the paper you enjoy so much.

The six Chums who send the *best sets of three riddles each* will win a *FREE* subscription to the NORTHERN MESSENGER for *three* months either for themselves or for any friend whose name and address they will fill in on the form given at the bottom of *next* page. Fill in the coupon and send it with your set of riddles. If you give more than three riddles, the three best ones will be counted as a set. Each person whose address is given will immediately receive a sample copy of the Messenger. As soon as the winners are chosen, their friends will be sent a notice that they are to receive the MESSENGER regularly as a gift from the contest winner.

Now is the time to start working on your entry. The contest closes April 30th, so don't lose any time!

The riddles must be really funny and hard to guess, but remember you need only THREE good ones to win a prize!

YOUR LOVING AUNT RUTH.

* * *

TO EVELYN RAY FROM MARION RONALDS

Dear Evelyn,—As I saw your letter in the Northern Messenger I thought I would write to you as you are only five days younger than I am. I am the oldest of five girls. I am also very skinny.

What kind of farm do you live on? I live on a general farm. What is your sister's name? My sisters' names are Wilma, Joan, Jean and Edith.

Do you know Helen Miller? She also lives in Ontario. She lives in a city.

How many children go to your school? There are about 85 going to our school. I must say Good-bye for now. Write soon, Lovingly, your new Chum,—Marion Ronalds, N.S.

TO HELEN MILLER, FROM MARION RONALDS

Dear Helen,—I was very glad to receive a letter from you through the Northern Messenger. What is the name of the city you live in? The farm I live on is a general farm. A little bit of everything is grown on it. My father fishes salmon in the summer, and works in the woods in the winter time.

Our house is situated by a little river flowing into the Baie de Chaleur. There is an iron bridge crossing the river. On our way to school we have to walk across it. I have about a mile to walk to school and Sunday School.

I have for a pet a dog which I call Mutt. I have a schoolmate and her name is Helen also. How old are you? I was 12 in September. Have you any brothers or sisters? I have four sisters and no brothers. I am the only one going to school, as I am the oldest of the family.

There are about 85 children going to my school. What grade are you in? I am in grade 6. My favorite subject is Arithmetic and Reading. There are quite a few hills in the place I live in. For Christmas I got gloves, a purse and a lot more things.

I cannot swim, but I go in the water quite often. As my letter is getting long I will close. Hoping to hear from you soon. Your new friend,—Marion Ronalds, N.S.

Dear Aunt Ruth and Chums,—This is my first letter. I get Mama to read me the letters every week. I go to Sunday School every Sunday I can go. I was only 5 years old in September. I do not go to school yet. For pets I have a cat named Fluffie and a dog named Mutt. I have four sisters and no brothers.

I like to go out of doors and make little snow cookies and cakes. I guess I had better close my letter as it is getting long. Your loving new chum,—Wilma Ronalds, N.S.

P.S.—My hobby is singing.—W.R.

* * * \

The Olive Oil Cure

By A. O. STOTT

For the Messenger.

ZAKI HASSAN bent over his fret-work saw in the evening class of the Mission School he attended, for he was keen on this handicraft.

"You are doing very well, Zaki," said his teacher and the Egyptian boy flushed with pleasure. "Bring some linseed oil along tomorrow; it will make that wooden frame look fine; it needs the color to be brought out."

It was rather wonderful that Zaki's mother let him go to the Mission School as they were all very strict Moslems—only poverty and the hope of her only son getting some good Feranghi (Foreign) work to do by-and-bye made her willing. "I suppose," she said, "he has got to swallow some of their Yaisudas religion so as to eat up their money. Oh! why was I left a poor widow with only one son and four useless daughters, two of them always sick and weakly."

When Zaki was getting ready to go to his evening Class next day he asked his mother for some linseed oil and a piece of clean white rag.

"I have only a little olive oil, Zaki, and I wish you would not go tonight. I heard the students were out and are even attacking the trams, they are so wild and unruly just now, because they are angry with the Government."

"Oh! I'll be all right, my mother," said Zaki, who was proud of being the only "man" in the family. "I can take care of myself, so where's that olive oil?"

His mother could never refuse Zaki anything and he really had all his own way at home, so was rather in danger of being spoiled.

* * *

"HERE'S a bit of my old summer frock, brother dear," cried his little sister Fatimah, and thus provided Zaki put on his shoes and took his crimson tarboosh which he took care to put on very straight. Like many Egyptian boys, Zaki was really very good-looking with a pale olive skin and dark, lustrous eyes.

As he passed through a certain crowded quarter of the town it happened that a band of students were marching along the narrow street and suddenly they rushed forward, and squirting oil on an approaching tram succeeded in setting it on fire. The panic and confusion were terrible, though happily the fire was soon put out, but the passengers were terrified and came tumbling out, flinging one poor old feeble man to the ground. He was dressed in a thin cotton robe which caught alight from a spark as he fell and no one bothered in the least about him. It was Zaki who dashed forward to tear off his blazing robe and then he saw that the old man had a wooden leg smashed to bits by his fall. No one but the boy gave him the slightest attention in the confusion, but Zaki managed to drag him over to the side of the quickly deserted street and prop him up against the wall.

"How do you feel, my Uncle?" he said respectfully, for the old man was gasping for breath and looked very badly. "Oh! truly thou hast been burned," as a groan of pain was his only answer. Quick as lightning, Zaki remembered his last Scripture lesson, about the Good Samaritan—"Poured in oil." "Yes! Yes!" he muttered, as he pulled out the olive oil bottle. "That's all I can do!" So tearing off a piece of Fatma's white frock he carefully covered over the old man's burns. The oil-soaked rag gave relief and Zaki was glad to use what was over on his own hands, which were sore and smarting now from pulling off the blazing cotton robe. Tearing up his handkerchief, he bound on the oily rags as well as he could. "It is what I saw them do when I was in the Feranghi Foreign Healing Place some months ago with my scalded hand, but the old fellow is bad. I'm afraid I must take the old man there."

* * *

THE soothing touch of the olive oil had helped the pain considerably, but the poor old patient was weak from shock and fear.

"I must get some way of taking him," thought Zaki. "If only I could find a cab I am sure the Doctor would pay the driver when I explained, he is always so good and kind to poor people who come for help."

Leaving the old man Zaki hurried into the big street again and to his joy saw a neighbor with his very ancient Ford car. He hailed him, explaining all, but the man just laughed at him at first, and refused. "Why do you trouble about the old fellow, a stranger—let him alone; what matter if he dies?"

But Zaki would not stop begging, and as this neighbor owed his mother money, he agreed at last. The old man was too helpless to refuse and so down long streets of houses by the side of the Nile they passed until the car stopped at the Hospital Gate.

The Gate-keeper came out to look at the guests.

"May we drive right in, Great Uncle?" said Zaki. "See, this old man cannot walk."

The gate-keeper grumbled that it was "not allowed," but in the end he opened the big gate, and Dr. Smith noticed them from the Men's Ward.

Zaki ran up to him, but his story was so muddled, the Doctor could scarcely understand it. However the old man was carried in and Zaki was told he must stay in for a while and also have a new wooden leg fitted.

"You did those dressings very well, Zaki," said the doctor. "By covering up the burns at once you helped a lot. How did you get the oil?"

* * *

ZAKI explained and then the doctor said—

"Well, it looks as if you were shaping to be a good doctor yourself by-and-by. I wonder why you thought of using the oil?"

(Please turn to Page 12.)

Dear Editors of the Northern Messenger,

P. O. Box 3070,
Place d'Armes, Montreal.

....., *1940.*

I am glad to send . . . . riddles.

If I win I should like the Messenger sent to—

.....
Name

.....
Address

I am your Chum,

.....
Name

.....
Address

Olive Oil Cure

(Continued from Page 11.)

"Well sir, for one thing our last Bible lesson was about the Good Samaritan, and I remembered the words 'Poured in oil', and then I'd seen you use it when I came one day with my hand scalded."

"Very good," said Doctor Smith, "and then as you hadn't a beast of your own you brought your poor patient in an old Ford car. Really, Zaki, I'm very proud of you!"

Zaki grinned with delight and as he hurried away he thought—The Yaisudas' people are quite right: it gives a happy heart to try and follow His example and do things to help others.'"

Bobby and the Hedge

By JOHN BELDEN

I ARRIVED in the front yard one warm afternoon just in time to see one of the small boys of the neighborhood jumping up and down on top of my beautiful hedge. He was doing a great deal of damage.

"What is going on here, Bobby?" I asked firmly. "Can't you find any place to play except on the hedge?"

"Oh, but I'm having more fun here," he said gaily. "The hedge is nice and springy."

"Let's see about that, Bobby," I went on, lifting him to the lawn. "Is it really fun that you're having?"

"Sure—sure it is," he blurted out.

"Do you remember how nice and thick the hedge used to be at this point?" I asked him in a serious but not unfriendly tone.

"It—it—is well, sort of mashed down in the middle, isn't it?" he admitted. "I didn't know I did all that."

"Boys who jump on hedges always do a lot of damage, Bobby," I said. "Months will pass before this hedge is beautiful and green again. You like pretty things, don't you?"

"Yes—yes, sir," he gulped. "I—I guess it wasn't so much fun after all. I know it wasn't when I look at the ugly place I made."

"Destroying property is never fun, Bobby—not real fun," I declared. "Perhaps if you help me we can fix things up a bit so the place where you jumped won't be so ugly. Will you do it?"

"Yes sir," he answered politely.

He kept that promise. After the job was done he said, "I'm never going to jump on a hedge again, or destroy property on Hallowe'en or anything like that. It isn't right. I'm sorry about what I did."

Policeman to Tramp: Say, where are you going with that rug?

Tramp: Well, a lady gave it to me and told me to beat it, so I did.

How Feathers Offended a Scottish Archbishop

"IN 1522 Jerome Cardan, an Italian, and the most celebrated physician in Europe of his day, was called to Scotland to attend John Hamilton, Archbishop of St. Andrews. For nearly ten years the Archbishop had suffered from asthma that had baffled the leading physicians of Great Britain and France, and that had greatly restricted his activities and even threatened his life.

When Cardan reached Edinburgh, it was decided to try for 30 days the treatment prescribed by other consultants, but the patient got no better. Then Cardan instituted his own measures, and with remarkable results. He gave a host of directions as to his Lordship's diet and activities, and prescribed various drugs, but it is of particular interest to note that he directed that the "Reverend Lord should not sleep upon feathers but upon unspun silk and be particular upon that point". The heating of the spine and vena cava on a feather bed would cause matter straightway to ascend into the head. The pillow should be of dry straw finely chopped, and if that seemed to his Grace, too hard, it might be stuffed with well-dried seaweed but by no means with feathers."

It is recorded that the Archbishop rapidly inproved and we know that he was able to take an active part in Scotch politics until he died fully 15 years later.

What's in a Name

WELL-known names are very often misleading and it is not always possible to say how some of them originated.

A Bombay duck is not a bird, but a species of dried fish usually eaten with rice and curry, while Dutch nightingales are really frogs!

Then, Brussels sprouts do not come from Belgium, any more than Jerusalem artichokes come from the Holy Land. Nor are Jordan almonds grown on the banks of the River Jordan, the word actually being a corruption of the French word "jardin," a garden.

"Jaffa" when applied to oranges, indicates only the port whence they are shipped, and likewise, York ham does not necessarily come from Yorkshire, but is merely a trade name for a particular cut.

Swiss rolls have no connection with Switzerland, nor have Genoa and Madeira cake with their place names, while Hamburger steak has no connection with Germany.—Christian Herald (London)

ANSWERS TO YOUNG PEOPLE'S BIBLE READING

1. The place of a skull.
2. Most likely because it was a hillock shaped something like a skull.
3. Two robbers.
4. Isaiah's words "and he was numbered with the transgressors."
5. "Truly this was the Son of God."
6. "He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief.."
7. "Himself took our infirmities and bare our sickness."
8. "Surely he hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows."

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Keep your WITS WORKING

FUN WITH THE ANIMALS

HAND around pencils and slips of paper to those who are going to take part in the game. On his slip of paper each player writes the name of same familiar animal. Then the papers are all passed, one player to the right, and each player proceeds to draw the animal named on the slip. When the drawings are finished, the names are carefully turned down and the slips collected and pinned around the room with only the drawings showing. Each player then tries to name the animals represented by the drawings. The one who names correctly th largest number wins the game and receives the prize, if any is offered.

BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS

1. Behead and doubly curtail a castle or a country seat, and leave great dislike.

2. Behead and curtail slips containing names fastened to anything and leave a son of Adam.

3. Behead and doubly curtail a secret action, and leave a small web-footed waterfowl.

4. Behead and curtail room under buildings, and leave a girl's name.

KNOT-TYING PUZZLE

"The quickness of the hand deceives the eye." Wind a few turns on left thumb as shown, holding looped end with thumb and forefinger. Pick up other end with right hand and jerk gently forward with it. Your friends will be surprised to find it now runs through the loop.

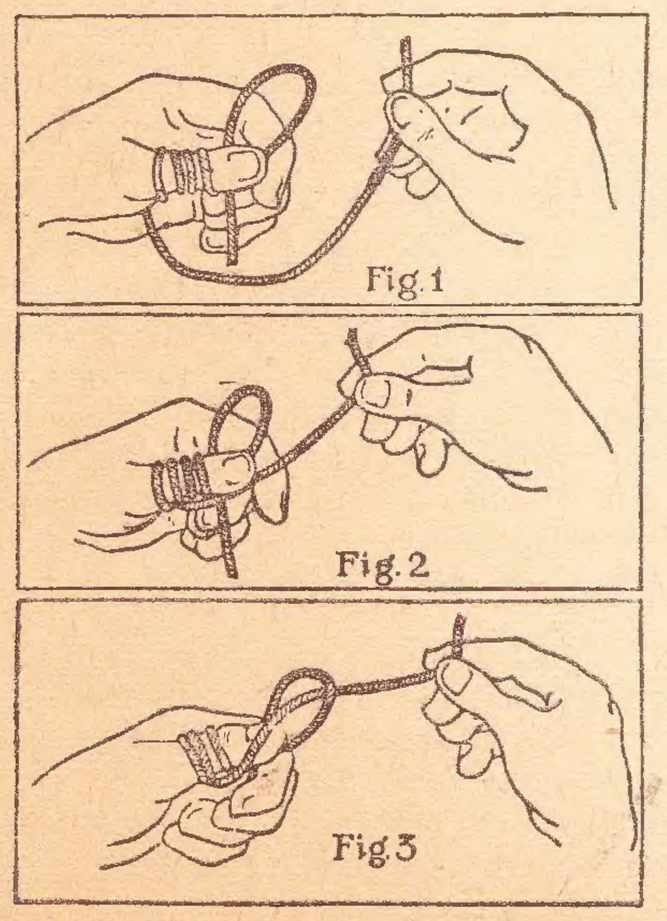

Fig.1

Fig.2

Fig.3

ENIGMA

The simplest weapon that we know
Ere sense and skill have time to grow;
A weapon always sharp and strong
By art made short, by Nature long.
For use and for protection sent,
Yet often formed for ornament.
A rough-hewn tool, of which we read
By woman used in time of need,
When, in the foe's defeated hour,
She freed her nation from his power.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Riddles Old and New—1. I would be stepping down the stairs and you would be staring up the steps. 2. Because his head prevents him going too far. 3. Because the train runs over sleepers. 4. Because he shrinks from washing. 5. To cover his head. 6. Because she deals in high screams. (ice creams)

Rhyming Riddle—Snowstorms.

Bible Puzzle—1 Chaff. Psalm 1:4; 2. Chalcedony. Rev. 21:19; 3. Chaldeans. 2 Kings 24:2; 4. Champion. 1 Sam. 17:4; 5. Chancellor. Ezra 4:8; 6. Charlot. Judges 5:13; 7. Charity. 1 Cor. 13:1-13; 8. Charmer. Psalm 58:5; 9. Chebar. Ezek. 1:1; 10. Cherub. Psalm 18:10.

Know Your Poetry?—

1. And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold ('Destruction of Sennacherib'. Lord Byron)
2. And the woods against a stormy sky
   Their giant branches tossed. (Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers. Mrs. Hemans)
3. The smith a mighty man is he,
   With large and sinewy hands;
   And the muscles of his brawny arms
   Are strong as iron bands. (The Village Blacksmith. Henry W. Longfellow)
4. "By thy long beard and glittering eye,
   Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?" (Rime of the Ancient Mariner. S. T. Coleridge)
5. Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain. (The Deserted Village. Oliver Goldsmith)
6. Sailed on a river of misty light
   Into a sea of dew. (A Dutch Lullaby. Eugene Field)

An Armistice

Smith—"My daughter has arranged a little piece for the piano."

Neighbor—"Good! It's time we had a little peace."

Gasps and Giggles

The young man had just proposed to the most beautiful girl in the world. She had accepted him, and now he stepped into a jeweller's to buy an engagement ring. He examined various rings, and finally picked up a beautiful diamond affair that suited his fancy.

"What's the price of this?" he inquired.

"That," replied the assistant, "is £350."

The young man's eye popped. He whistled loudly and long—then pointed to a second ring.

"And this one?" he asked.

"This one, sir," said the assistant, eyeing the price tag, "is two whistles."

Mother (trying to help small son with home work): "Now, take the Smith family. There are mamma, papa and baby. How many does that make?"

Small Son (smart for once): "Two and one to carry."

A little girl of tender years, who had been attending one of the public kindergartens, fell from a ladder. Her mother caught her from the ground in terror, excliaming: "Oh, darling, how did you fall?"

"Vertical," replied the child, without hesitation.

A teacher was impressing upon her class the fact that you cannot subtract one thing from others unless they are of the same denomination. "For instance," she said, "we cannot take two apples from three oranges."

Then a bright boy said: "But, teacher, can't we take four apples from two trees?"

An elderly gentleman approached one of the attendants in the travelling menagerie.

"Can you tell me what the lump on the camel's back is for?" he asked politely.

"What's it for?" the man murmured.

"Yes, what use has it?"

"Well, sir, it's pretty useful. The old camel wouldn't be much use without it, you know."

"But why not?"

"Why not?" exclaimed the keeper in surprise. "Well, you don't suppose people 'ud pay to see 'im if 'e hadn't got an 'ump, do yer?"

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BEANS IN DISGUISE

BAKED beans—served just as baked beans —are not nearly as delectable as left-overs as they might be. So just save them for several days in your refrigerator, where they will remain sweet and palatable, and then bring them on the table in an entirely new guise—

Sausage Croquettes

Mash the beans, and drain if they appear too moist, and then pack them around pork sausages which have been previously fried. Roll the croquettes in beaten egg and then in dry, fine bread crumbs, then roll again in the beaten egg and crumbs. One egg, 1-2 cup of the crumbs, 6 sausages, and about 1 cup of beans will be needed to make 6 croquettes. Fry in deep fat heated to 360 degrees F.

Steak and Lima Chili

(A one dish meal)

2 cups cooked, dried limas, 1 pound ground steak, 1 tablespoon fat, 1 onion, chopped, 2 cups tomato sauce, or strained tomato, 1-2 teaspoon salt, 1-2 teaspoon chili powder.

Heat fat, add onion, cook 5 minutes, add meat, cook until brown, then add remaining ingredients. Simmer 20 minutes.

Lemon Clear Sauce

Mix: 1 level tablespoon cornstarch, 1-2 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon grated lemon peel, 1 cup cold water. Boil 5 minutes. Remove from fire. Add: 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 2 tablespoons butter, sprinkling nutmeg, sprinkling salt.

Variation: Add 1-3 cup chopped dates, raisins, or marshmallows cut in bits. Serves four.

Visiting the Doctor

BERTHA YOUNKIN

THE door opened into the crowded reception room.

"Next," called the doctor. The perspiration stood upon his forehead from his exasperating work with the last two children. The first had been brought for a simple vaccination and the second for a tonsil examination, and both had fought like young wildcats. Only with extreme control had he resisted telling the fluttering mothers to remember that after all he was a doctor, not a specialist in problem children.

A neat little woman led her five-year-old Nancy into the sparkling white office. "I am Mrs. John Carter and this is Nancy," she told him pleasantly, as the child gravely extended her chubby hand.

"How do you do, Miss Nancy," smiled Dr. Jones kindly.

"First, let's slip off this pretty dress."

A look of bewilderment, then stark terror, crept over the child's face. She shrank back against her mother.

"Why, Nancy, what is the matter?" asked Mrs. Carter in surprise. Certainly there was nothing about the man or his shining office to frighten anyone.

"Modesty?" questioned the doctor, hesitating.

"Why . . . I don't understand! She never has been self-conscious!"

"Then come on, Miss Nancy, we'll soon be through."

But they didn't even begin. The child, dressed only in her silk panties, began to sob and tearfully object. They reasoned, cajoled, then threatened. Nancy refused to stand upon the scales, and the harmless stethoscope brought forth terrified wails.

Dr. Jones gritted his teeth. Mrs. Carter was flushed, distraught and too unnerved herself to be able to think. She knew that to the doctor Nancy appeared to be just one more spoiled child. She knew that somehow everything was terribly wrong. Embarrassed and apologetic, she left and hurried the sobbing child home to bed.

"It was dreadful!" she wept, as she told the story to John Carter that evening. "I'll never get Nancy inside a doctor's office again!"

"There, there," he soothed. "We'll manage her somehow. I was afraid when you left that perhaps the child should have been better prepared."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"Before you took Nancy to the dentist, on her own account, you allowed her to go when you needed work done, and you let her sit on your lap once when your teeth were being exmained, you will remember. The dentist looked at hers just for fun, and now she loves to go to him. In that case the situation was properly introduced, and no fears developed.

"In this case, so much time had elapsed since Nancy was last examined that she couldn't even remember ever having been in a doctor's office before, and the whole thing was a mystery. She had not the faintest idea why a stranger would want to take her clothes off. She grew excited and unable to reason when you both insisted. Don't you see how strangely you folks were behaving from her viewpoint?"

John Carter was right. The approach to any entirely new experience for a little child should be planned thoughtfully. The boy or girl who has been properly prepared for a physical examination takes it as much for granted as eating and sleeping. It becomes a very normal and interesting experience with one of his best friends, the family doctor.

(Issued by the National Kindergarten Association, 8 West 40th St., New York City.)

Pasteurized Milk for Safety

CERTAIN correspondents on the subject of pasteurization of milk have asserted that the Lancet, the great English medical journal, is opposed to pasteurization. Here is the answer to that assertion:

"What is needed is not enquiry but action. It may not be administratively possible to pasteurize the whole milk-supply at once, but it is certainly feasible that all the large urban areas should have the power—and we hope the duty—to see that only safe milk is sold within their borders. Tuberculin-tested milk gives this safety, as regards tuberculosis; and pasteurization, properly conducted, gives safety from all risks. The time has come when no ordinary raw milk should be sold in any of our large urban areas or distributed on the authority of any education or local authority. And later safeguard must be extended to the countryside and smaller towns."

The foregoing, a quotation from an editorial in the Lancet of July 17, 1937, effectually discloses the opinion regarding pasteurization of one of the most authoritative journals in the world and disposes of the assertion referred to.

Pasteurization as a preventive health measure has stood the test of time. In great cities, such as Chicago, where it originated, in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Toronto and hundreds of others where the measure has been in force for years, its value is so well recognized that a proposal to return the use of raw milk would be regarded as evidence of insanity. Pasteurized milk has saved thousands of lives every year all over the American continent. It has prevented wholesale epidemics of milk-borne diseases; there is no evidence that it has caused a single case of illness.—By John W. S. McCullough, M.D.

"I've asked Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins to dinner at seven, Jane, but I think we'll give them a quarter of an hour's grace," said the mistress.

"Well, ma'am," Jane replied, "Im a little religious myself, but I think that's rather overdoin' it."

Northern Messenger

MONTREAL, MARCH 8, 1940.

BRITAIN'S NEW "COLONISTS"

LAST Fall when war became imminent and no one knew at what moment British cities might be subjected to an air raid, many thousands of children were evacuated from crowded centres of population and "planted" in new homes in the country.

When one of these "infantry" contingents left a London railway station, many of us through the magic of radio listened to the eager voices of the children as they chattered, sang and cheered.

It was a big experiment to uproot whole populations of children and introduce them to an absolutely strange environment. As was to be expected, it did not "work out" perfectly in every case.

But even in instances where it was not altogether a success, it has served a good purpose. There is an old saying that "one half of a nation does not know how the other half lives." Benjamin Disraeli wrote of "two nations" in England, the rich and the poor. This evacuation experience has told each something about the other, and if the "privileged" classes have in some instances been startled, the lesson may be beneficial, for the leaders of a nation are to a large degree responsible for the conditions which mold the character and habits of the mass of the people.

Where people have met the "invasion" in a reasonable and Christian spirit, the new "colonization" scheme in many cases has had fine results. Children who knew little of comfort and nothing of refinement have found themselves in a new atmosphere and have responded splendidly.

Many thousands of British children will soon for the first time be enjoying the glories of spring time in the country. Meadow and field and stream will be full of fairy-like surprises for them. Many for the first time will know something of the beauty of the land in which they live. They will learn joyous lessons which "Nature, the dear old nurse" is always willing to teach, lessons which will be invaluable when they become men and women, facing their duties as citizens of their country.

A Tweedsmuir Saying

"We need a quickened sense of sin; we need a profounder realization of the majesty and purity of God, that realization which was the support of Oliver Cromwell in his difficult life. I cannot but feel that the chaos of the world in recent years is bringing about this revival."

The Scout's Good Turn

WHEN the war broke out the Boy Scout Association of Canada put itself at the service of the country, offering to throw the whole of its resources into the national war effort and promising both civic and military authorities the co-operation of the movement in any direction thought advisable.

One very practical field of war-work has been opened to the Scouts in many districts in Canada, where the men of the house, husbands and sons, have signed on for military service. There are all sorts of little household chores which men folks usually do, chopping wood, carrying up coal, hanging pictures, removing storm windows, shovelling snow, keeping garden paths tidy. These duties Scouts have undertaken.

This is an exemplification of the Scout principle of helpfulness. "A Scout's Duty is to be useful and to help others."

Lord Tweedsmuir and Scouting

OUR late Governor General, Lord Tweedsmuir, was a strong believer in the Scout Movement and as Chief Scout for Canada did much to promote the growth of Scouting in the country. What is believed to be the last thing coming from his pen before his fatal illness was the draft of a speech which he intended to deliver at the Boy Scouts' annual dinner in Toronto on February 24.

At the request of Lady Tweedsmuir copies of this address were distributed at the dinner:

* * *

I CAN honestly say that nothing in my five years tenure of office as Governor-General has given me more pleasure than my connection with the movement. It has brought me into touch with many men—busy men who are giving time and thought to the work—a most unselfish and worthy form of public service for there is no advertisement in it.

Up and down the Dominion, too, wherever I have gone—and I have gone pretty far afield—I have found companies of Scouts inspired by the true Scout tradition, as fine specimens of youth as you will find in the world.

I have learned from you a very great deal. You have given me far more than I have been able to give you. In leaving Canada not the least of my regrets is that I am parting from such a splendid company.

I think we may congratulate ourselves on a very real success. We have attained and passed the hundred thousand mark which we set as our goal. That in itself is a real achievement. But we have excelled not only in quantity but in quality.

Their Majesties were profoundly impressed by what they saw of our Cubs and Scouts in their journey through the Dominion, and I can tell you that as Chief Scout I was proud of your achievement. But, gentlemen, we are not going to stop there.

There are over a million boys in Canada who might share in our movement, and as yet we have only got a tenth of them. So there is still ample room for expansion. As this is my last chance of addressing you I am going to venture to offer you a few suggestions as to the lines on which our future work should develop.

Older Boys Are Needed

In looking at our figures I have been struck with the fact that our progress is in an inverse proportion to the age of our members. We have done wonderfully well with our Cubs; we have done very well with our Scouts, but we have a very small number of Rovers. It looks, therefore, as if our appeal was weakening as adolescence proceeds. Now I want to see this remedied. I want to see our movement made attractive not only to the boy but to the young man.

(Please turn to Page 16.)

LEARNING HOW TO MAKE BUTTER

BRITISH YOUTH

(Continued from Page 1.)

experts go deeply into poultry keeping, garden-marketing and bee-keeping.

* * *

EVERY subject is properly covered. Microscopes aid the pupils in the study of ailments and diseases of chickens and bees, while scientific tests for milk purity are strictly enforced at every milking class. Britain is determined that when her young farmers grow up they shall continue to use the modern and hygienic methods and not slip back into the haphazard system that has been so prevalent in the past.

You will see boys and girls vigorously scrubbing down the cows before milking, testing the milk for purity before it is mixed in the cans for cooling.

You will see them dissecting bees to try to discover the cause of death, and studying every step in the life of a chicken from the egg to the day when it is a full grown bird.

* * *

SOME of South England's children farmers have already reached school leaving age and have taken up their preliminary work on "real" farms, as opposed to those farms which were loaned to them for practice and tuition by enthusiastic farmers.

One boy was busily hacking at a hedge; he was convinced of his future occupation. Nothing could be better than that of a hedger and ditcher, with a little thatching thrown in.

Many of the girls of thirteen and fourteen have made up their minds to join dairy farms or to go in for honey production. In a short time they will make their final choice and start work . . . in real earnest.

Britain is going back to the land, but at the same time she is seeing to it that her farming future shall be assured by the scientific training of boys and girls who will become the backbone of the country's agricultural system.—Montreal Star.

Service

The law of a king
is service,
And the kingliest
serve the most.
Then, ye who are
sons of promise
And would royal
lineage boast,

Get under the common burden,
Go, brother the brotherless sons,
And win the royal guerdon,
The thanks of comforted ones.
—*Staley F. Davis.*

Lord Tweedsmuir and Scouting

(Continued from Page 15.)

Here in Canada, in this wonderful country which has still a frontier, there must be ways of catching the imagination and enlisting the interest not only of boyhood but of youth.

Would it be possible, I wonder, to organize more fully expeditions not merely to summer camps, but right into the wilds, expeditions which would have a real flavor of exploration and adventure.

Would it be possible, I wonder, to do what I understand has been done elsewhere, and bring Scouting into touch with our development in the air? I believe that in these directions much might be done to attract adolescence.

I dwell especially upon the air, for one result of this war will be that Canada with her tremendous air effort, will be in the very forefront of air development. When peace comes we shall have a very large body of trained airmen. That may be at first an awkward baby to hold; but, if I may be allowed to mix my metaphors, I do not think it will be impossible to liquidate that baby and to turn this war effort into a great asset of peace.

I am, as you know, an enthusiast about the Canadian North, and the key to our northern development is in the air. I want to see our Scout movement keep this in mind. I want to see our Scouts add airmindedness to their other qualities and attainments.

I would go further and venture to suggest to you that it is our business to link up our Scout training more closely with the practical problems which are facing our growing youth. We are giving our Scouts an admirable moral and physical discipline which is the true basis for a worthy and succsesful life. You cannot put the value on that too high.

The problems of youth are more difficult today than ever before, and they are not going to be easier when this war is over. Cannot we, while these boys are in our charge, do more by advice and training to see that when they enter the grown-up world they will have a reasonable chance? Cannot we, while keeping in the forefront our moral and spiritual ideals, take pains to see that our Scouts, when they enter adult life, shall have a real chance to reap the fruit of their training, and shall not get into the wrong grooves, or into blind alleys which lead to a dead wall?

Courage in a Crisis

IT is not easy to smile in the face of a crisis, to trust when faith is severely tested. When the Germans were at the gates of Paris in 1914, it was no time to worry. It was a time for a great decision—General Foch sent word to General Joffre: "We are outflanked on the right and on the left, but I have decided to advance."

God's unexpected happened—a wedge was driven into the German army, and they never entered Paris; never!

Those who yield to pessimism disqualify themselves to face the forces of darkness. It is safe to assert that the vast majority of men and women are doing their best in these overshadowed days to keep cheerful and hopeful. —Exchange.